A WORLD WITHOUT A CHILD: A STORY FOR WOMEN AND FOR MEN

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649420766

A World Without a Child: A Story for Women and for Men by Coulson Kernahan

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd. Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

COULSON KERNAHAN

A WORLD WITHOUT A CHILD: A STORY FOR WOMEN AND FOR MEN



A WORLD WITHOUT A CHILD

A STORY FOR WOMEN AND FOR MEN

By
COULSON KERNAHAN
Author of "The Pace Beyond the Door,"
"God and the Ant," etc.

LONDON
HODDER AND STOUGHTON
27 PATERNOSTER ROW
1905

BUTLER & TANNER, THE SELWOOD PRINTING WORKS. PROME, AND LONDON. TO THE STAINLESS SOUL OF A LITTLE CHILD

X#10

₩.

BY WAY OF PREFACE

WHERE THE WOMAN WE LOVE CRAISES
TO EDUCATE US, THE CHILD BEGINS.
THAT WHICH THE WOMAN LEAVES UNTOUCHED IN A MAN'S NATURE, CAN
ONLY BY THE CHILD BE DEVELOPED
AND PERFECTED.

C. K.

16 Norfolk Square, Brighton,



PROEM

THE night of New Year's Eve had come, and I stood under the stars in a garden brimmed with white moonlight, and set around with trees. In the garden all was still, and the sky was clear overhead, but low down on the horizon Night was plying her spindle, weaving floating and fleecy cloud-flax into the dark fabric of cloud-curtains. to be drawn ere long around the sleeping place of the moon. As a veil of fine lawn might cover a girl's face, so suddenly a wisp of white cloud-wrack drifted across the moon. I say "across the moon," but so undimmed was her splendour that one might have supposed the veil had been draped about her face instead of drawn across it.